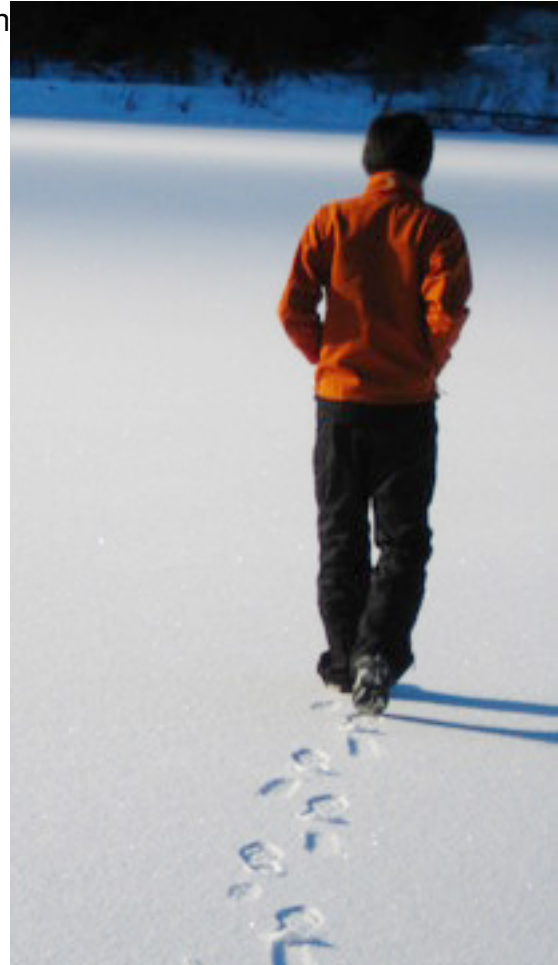


Man's travel on smooth sprawling highways
As fast as nasty bullets in colored cozy cars
At regular frequency crossing to and fro
Even when there is no concrete purpose go
Has become a fad and communicable disease
And costs endless time, currency and oil cans.

Technology self-boasting creaky men hail themselves
As if they are born to bail out the modern civilization



From the turmoil of pain and agony of survival
Just because they gave the mankind right buttons
To provide room for bulky leisure and comfort
That takes men to the path of quick lewd success.

Highways are not gay ways for the green vegetation
but are the novel arrivals to deforest the forest.
Gone were the eco-fighters like Bahuguna style
And the result we see the erosion of clean breezes,
Singing birds, hopping insects, crawling reptiles,
rusty wilds, awesome tribes and the scenic beauties.

Like an artificial techno-bred networking python
Crisscrossing the natural rural terrain bed-band,
Taking the human mass to the metro's marathon,
Swallowing fertile and barren lands in the process,
Like a monster of Frankenstein type and mould
To the amazement and amusement of rural clad.

New generation of burger and Mc-veggie creatures,
In gene tights, T-shirt flesh and shampoo smell,
With hurry burry confused state of life and cries,
Run to centre of food malls and roadside joints bell
And flock to toilets, gas filling stations, coffee-corners
In order to revitalize further high-way bound gel.

Mr G C Rao
20-08-2009